

A Message From Marjorie

It Was Speedily Answered

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

Farrington turned from the bookcase with a little gesture of annoyance. His Shakespeare, of all volumes! How stupid of Thomas to have let out his books without his knowledge or consent! Only last week he had missed his favorite, much marked copy of *Richard III*. Presley had nabbed that.

But this was a little too much, especially in view of the fact that "Hamlet" was playing that night and there were a couple of passages he felt he must run over.

He crossed the room impatiently and pushed the call bell. It was answered at once by the redoubtable valet.

"It seems still more of my books are missing, Thomas. I am afraid you have been careless. I can't locate that red calf edition of Shakespeare any more."

"You left orders, sir—begging your pardon—to accommodate any of the young gentlemen?"

"When I rushed off to Europe, eh? A whimsical smile made its transient passage across Farrington's scowling face. "Very well. I presume you are right. I was a bit upset, I remember. You may go."

But as the man started toward the door he called him back.

"By the way, are there any book stores hereabout?"

"No first class ones, sir."

"Any—er—first class neighbors?"

"A few, sir."

"Good! Skrimmage around and find me a Shakespeare before night and I'll—"

But Thomas had already disappeared.

Marjorie Hayward was just coming out of the front door when Farrington's man stepped up on the veranda. His request surprised her a little, but she was very glad, indeed, to be able to accommodate him.

She had a copy of Shakespeare somewhere, she said, an old, battered one, but his "man" was welcome to the use of it, certainly. And with this information she went back into the library to search for it.

What sort of people were they any how, the new neighbors who had just moved in the day before and were already beginning to borrow people's books? she wondered good naturally.

At last she came across the rusty little volume, stuffed to overflowing with old letters, clippings and scraps of memoranda.

She held it up and shook them out in a shower, a swarm of memories suddenly aroused by the long buried sight of certain familiar bits of writing, pressed flowers crumbling to atoms, yet vaguely redolent still of a dear dead past.

With a smothered sigh she caught herself back sharply from her foolish reflections and returned to the door with the book. Thomas thanked her elaborately and hastened away. Marjorie waited till he had passed upon the short stone walk of the house next door. Then she buttoned up her coat and walked down the gravel path to the gate.

Farrington took the volume eagerly turning the yellowed leaves with deft fingers till he should come to "Hamlet." But suddenly he paused, his eyes narrowed curiously and his heart gave a startled jump. A brief extract from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" caught his attention. "Ask me no reason why I love you, for though love the reason for his precision, he admits him not for his counselor."

The passage was heavily underlined, and below it were scribbled in cursive the initials "M. H." "W. F." They were hers—and his!

Marjorie Hayward! The name sent his thoughts tumbling tumultuously back over the past; sent the blood tingling even to his eyelids. How many years—nearly ten—since he had called that name! Yet how many days, indeed, had it been absent from his heart?

The minutes flew by as he sat there wrapped in meditation. At last he began again to slip the leaves absently through his fingers when abruptly they came in contact with something alien.

He glanced closer, almost indifferently, and started again as his gaze rested stupidly upon an envelope stuck to one of the pages and addressed in full to himself—addressed in Marjorie Hayward's clear, resolute characters half a score of years ago, when they had both lived in the same little western town.

Without a second thought as to whether he should or should not open it Farrington deliberately tore the letter from its inclosure and read:

Dear Walter I have been thinking things over, and after all, you must be right. I made the mistake, and I am willing to acknowledge it. We love each other too much, do we not, to let a silly quarrel separate us for life? Come to me tonight. I shall be waiting for you. As ever,

MARJORIE

For an indeterminate space Walter Farrington sat half stunned. What had happened? What could it mean? Had she changed her mind about sending the letter, or had there been some

overnight some carelessness in the posting?

And Marjorie herself, where was she now? Could it be that she was less than a block away at this minute? Perhaps she was married! Had fate chosen this ironical opportunity to thrust an added misery into his bitter memories?

Farrington was not a man to ham and haw. He thought quickly, and he acted with proportionate dispatch. He took out his watch. It was almost 8 in fifteen minutes he was ringing the doorbell next door.

But he was destined to disappointment. Miss Hayward had gone to "Hamlet." Farrington hurried down the avenue that led to the playhouse. Luckily his ticket was to be called for at the box office. It was a good seat and commanded a sweeping view of the audience.

After the first act their eyes met—locked—across the sea of faces in the orchestra. The girl paled, flushed and paled again. Then her eyes fell away from the deep, ardent gaze riveted upon her.

After the play Farrington stationed himself at the door, but Marjorie left by a box entrance, and he went home with a sinking heart to a dream haunted pillow.

The rain washed sky was blushing pink when he opened his shutters at 6 the next morning. The flowers made a rainbow of color in the garden below, and the air was vocal with the maternal chirping of birds.

Suddenly the door of the house across the way swung open, and a young woman in a trim brown traveling dress, suit case in hand, emerged upon the porch.

Farrington caught a desperate breath. The northbound train left in twelve minutes, and he was still in his bath robe and slippers.

After Providence had thus delectably tossed them together again she was running away from him.

Seven minutes later, decidedly ill groomed, he whizzed up to the platform of the G and G. Jumped out and sent Thomas speeding on his way in the rumbout.

Miss Hayward was just turning from the ticket window as he came up, and again their eyes met, hers evasively his with the old compelling power she had never known how to resist.

"Marjorie!"

"Walter!" The name escaped her unaccountably.

"I just received your message dear," he said, "and that is why I am here. He display—I to her bewildered gaze, the faded writing on the yellowed paper.

"Why," she breathed wonderingly, "why I don't understand I wrote you that letter over nine years ago and—"

"For some reason which is not presently apparent it was never mailed. See, the stamp is uncancelled. I found it in the little old Shakespeare we used to read so often together."

"And which I have never opened since you went away," she interposed in a little tremulous whisper.

The engine bell rang. With a little exclamation Marjorie started toward the train. Farrington took her suitcase from her.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Pittsburgh and you?"

"Wherever you are always."

And they stepped aboard the morning train.

Oil in Greece.

The famous petroleum springs of Greece, described by a historian four centuries before Christ, are to be exploited by local capitalists after being regarded merely as curiosities for more than 2,300 years.

On Easter Morn

ON Easter morn
The softened winds to every quickened ear
Breathe music sweet, telling the time of year.
All nature sings, and in glad antiphon,
Blent with the organ's tone,
The voice of man in praise to heaven is borne.

WITH April's fairest offerings we adorn
Our altars, emblem of eternal spring
O'er winter triumphing,
And good o'er evil, joyous
ness o'er gloom—
Yea, life o'er death, Christ risen from the tomb
On Easter morn.

Before the First Easter Day

ON Palm Sunday each year the minds of millions of Christians the world over are occupied with thoughts of a scene in Jerusalem.

On the eastern spur of the Mount of Olives lies the little town of Bethany a few furlongs away from Jerusalem. On the memorable morning of his entrance into the city Jesus secured near Bethany the donkey upon which he made his memorable journey to Jerusalem. The occasion was the feast of the Passover and pilgrims from Galilee and eastern Judea, the localities in which his ministry had been performed, accompanied him upon the journey. As they beheld him riding on an ass (the royal beast in the days of David) the hopes of the multitude were suddenly revived. Quickly the news of his coming spread through the long lines of pilgrims. Those ahead tore palm branches from the trees by the wayside, while others spread their garments and cloaks along the way on which he was to pass, while they all joined in a triumphant song.

Hosanna to the son of David! Hosanna to he who cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Slowly the procession came around the southern end of the Mount of Olives, with the gorge of the Kedron to the south, until the wonderful city of Jerusalem burst into view. Then, descending into the valley, Jesus entered the city through this gate in the midst of a cheering multitude of people, who waved their palm branches before him. Just as the sun was setting behind the hills he found his way to the temple. He sought not a waiting throne, but a quiet place for worship. Then in the bush of the evening, refusing to give any encouragement to the selfish material hopes of the people, he quietly returned to his humble home in Bethany.

The gate, as we see it today, is entirely sealed. Many hundred years after Christ and passed through it, the city fell into the hands of the Turks, and it was their belief and fear that our Lord Jesus was about to return, and re-enter the city through this gate. It was not their will that he do this, and they believed that by sealing it up in this manner his coming would be prevented, and so it remains to this day, the Sealed Golden Gate, the most remarkable and interesting Biblical landmark in the world.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Obesity.

We are all better off for a proper amount of fat. Adipose tissue is a poor conductor of heat and so prevents the body heat from passing off too rapidly. Moreover, in case of illness it gives the patient some reserve to draw upon. But when a person begins to suffer from his fat, when he grows breathless and disinclined to move about, he is certainly beyond the line of safety. When a very stout person begins experiencing the muscles start to atrophy. The weaker they get the sooner they sag under the weight they have to carry. In that way a vicious circle is established—fat heavy weight and shrinking muscles, then, as a result of that, still heavier weight, and finally almost useless muscles. Although fat people are not all ways great eaters and many thin people eat a surprising quantity of food, it is nevertheless in general true that those who eat more than they need are likely to grow stout, especially if they eat a good deal of the sugars, starches and fat foods. On the other hand, the nitrogenous foods lead to tissue waste. That is why physicians sometimes treat cases of extreme obesity by a meat diet. Anything that increases oxidation tends to lessen fat, and therefore stout people should practice deep breathing in order that the body may burn up its waste materials rapidly. If ordinary exercise, even walking, has grown intolerable, you can breathe deeply while you are sitting still. The treatment of corpulence with medical means should always be directed by a physician, for there is danger in experimenting.

HIS BEST CHUM

By EUNICE BLAKE

Johnny Hoxey, aged fourteen, went to bed one night with a splitting headache. The next morning he remained in bed, and no effort to awaken him availed. He did not seem to be in pain, sleeping tranquilly. He remained asleep week after week, month after month and year after year. He needed very little food, and that was given him by various methods devised by the doctors. He slept seven years in the same room, in which no change was made during that time.

When Johnny went to sleep a little girl thirteen years old was his "best chum," as he called her. They were in the same class in the same school and used to study their lessons together, for Lucy Treadwell lived directly across the street from Johnny, and they had not far to go to reach each other. Lucy grew from childhood to womanhood, seeing almost daily a person of the opposite sex who was in a perpetual slumber.

One day Johnny showed signs of waking. For a week there was hope that he would do so, but those about him had been so often disappointed that they had lost confidence in his recovery. But he did awaken, and when he came to himself he was alone.

He lay for some time, after becoming conscious, with closed eyes, thinking of his sufferings "the night before" as he supposed it was, and feeling much relieved to be out of pain. Then he attempted to turn on his other side. He was surprised to find himself very weak. Lying in bed without using his muscles had taken his strength while on his back he opened his eyes still seeing nothing but the ceiling. Hearing a step in the room he turned so that he could see a young woman sitting beside a window reading. She was unknown to him. When Johnny as a boy had awakened in the morning and did not have to go to school he usually lay in bed reading.

"Is this Saturday?" he asked.

The girl started, and Johnny was astonished at the sound of his voice. The girl rose excitedly and to his bed side, then ran immediately out of the room. Johnny in his amazement thrashed about and while doing so put his hand to his face. It was covered with hair.

"What in the world" he began, "and sitting up in bed, he saw in a mirror the reflection of a man. He was dumfounded. He moved, and the reflection moved. After it had followed several of his movements he covered his face with the bedclothes and gave way to a nervous chill.

Hearing persons hurrying into the room, he threw off the clothes. His mother, looking much older than "the night before," ran into the room, followed by the young woman, who had gone out of it, and taking him in her arms, sobbed.

"My dear boy! Heaven be thanked!"

"What is it, mother?" cried the frightened John. "Something strange has happened! How big I am! How rough my voice! I seem to have grown to be a man overnight!"

"You have grown to be a man, dear, but not overnight. You went to bed one night when you were a boy and have slept continuously ever since."

There was silence for some time while a realization of this singular announcement was working its way into John's brain. Then he asked a dozen questions so rapidly that his mother found difficulty in answering one before another came forth. Finally he pointed to the girl, who seemed so much affected by his recovery as his mother, and asked who she was.

"She is your best chum, Lucy Treadwell."

"Good gracious," exclaimed John wonderingly, "is that Lucy?"

"Yes, my Lucy. I've prayed for your waking ever since your long sleep began."

"She has been here nearly every day since your slumber began," said John's mother.

"And happened to be here when I woke," said John, and he put out both hands to her. "What a woman you've grown to be! How old are you—mean how old am I?"

"You're twenty-one, and you know that I'm a year younger than you. That makes me twenty. Can you see any trace of your best chum in me?"

"A trace only," replied John. "You were a pretty little girl then you are a beautiful woman now."

Mrs. Hoxey said she must go and call the doctor at once. John must not get excited and take no action whatever till the doctor had seen him and given directions concerning him.

John obeyed the first injunction, but soon forgot all about the last. His mother had no sooner left the room than he reached for Lucy's hand and drew her to a seat beside him.

"So you have been here constantly since I have been in slumberland. Why did you come so regularly?"

Lucy turned away her head.

"You were my best chum," and you have proved yourself worthy of the name. I don't seem to know whether I'm boy or man. I remember the kiss I gave you yesterday—I mean before I went to sleep. I wonder, should I kiss you now, would it taste the same?"

"I don't know," was the reply, the face still averted.

John put his arms about her, drew her down to him and kissed her.

"It's worth a thousand of the others," he said.

IN HIS EASTER LILY



TOUGH OLD IRON.

The Famous Pillar in the Temple of Kutab Minar at Delhi.

There seems to be no doubt that the metal produced previous to the introduction of modern methods was superior in its resistance to corrosion to the present day product. I have seen various iron articles, especially nails, which showed far less rust after an exposure of a hundred years or so than the modern variety does in a few weeks.

One article, an old flintlock pistol, was especially interesting. It was found by a friend in a patch of woods in Vermont and had evidently laid there for many years, since a piece of newspaper with the date 1796 had been used as wadding in loading it. All the iron parts were rather rough and pitted and covered with rust, but the arm was in surprisingly good shape considering the conditions to which it had been subjected. The spring, hammer and trigger were still capable of performing their functions, and very little effort was required to put the old weapon in decidedly presentable condition.

Perhaps one of the most noted of the iron articles which have come down to us from antiquity is the famous pillar in the temple of Kutab Minar at Delhi, India. This old shaft, which projects some thirty feet above the surface of the ground, was erected about 800 B. C. Today it shows little trace of rust, although it has had no protective coating other than that which the atmosphere itself has formed upon it.—L. C. Wilson in Engineering Magazine.

Contented, unambitious people are all very well in their way. They form a neat, useful background for great portraits to be painted against, and they make a respectable if not particularly intelligent audience for the active spirits of the age to play before. But do not, for goodness sake, let them go stalking about, as they are so fond of doing, crying out that they are the true models for the whole species. Why, they are deadheads, the drones, the street crowds that lounge about gaping at those who are working.

They never know the excitement of expectation nor the stern delight of accomplishment effort, such as stir the pulse of the man who has objects, hopes and plans. To the ambitious man life is a brilliant game—a game that calls forth all his tact and energy and nerve; a game to be won in the long run by the quick eye and the steady hand and yet having sufficient chance about its working out to give it all the glorious zest of uncertainty.

And if he be defeated he wins the grim joy of fighting; if he loses the race he, at least had a run. Better to work and fall than to sleep one's life away.—Jerome K. Jerome.

Equestrian Statues.

"On the night of the unveiling of General Sherman's statue in New York Mr. Whiteley Reid suggested that Bishop Potter, Mr. St. Gaudens and myself go to his home in Madison Avenue for dinner," said General Francis V. Greene. "I there declared that of all the thousands of equestrian statues that had come to my attention the one of General Sherman was the best. Mr. St. Gaudens then surprised me by saying that doubtless I was not aware that there were not a hundred equestrian statues in the world. Bishop Potter's son-in-law, Mr. J. E. Cowdin, was at the dinner. Some time afterward, on a hot summer night, we were at dinner in the Union club when Mr. Cowdin chanced to refer to the statement of the famous sculptor. 'You were wrong,' Mr. Cowdin told me, 'but Mr. St. Gaudens was not right. I have collected pictures of all the equestrian statues in the world, and I managed to get 111.'—New York Herald.

Ocean Temperatures.

The steamer Albatross, which is used by oceanographers, makes records of deep sea temperatures. These temperature observations prove that the ocean has a far more limited range of heat and cold than the land, its maximum surface temperature being about 85 degrees F., and its minimum about 29 degrees F. in the most frigid depths, the "cold puddles" between Greenland and Norway. The average ocean temperature at a depth of six or seven hundred fathoms is 50 degrees F. One of the mysteries of the sea is a regular nightly temperature rise of half a degree at a depth of 100 fathoms. This unaccountable temperature variation has been observed by the Albatross over and over again.—American Magazine.

Why Teeth Chatter.

Although the muscles which affect the action of the jaws are especially under the control of the brain, the chattering of the teeth is really a spasm caused by chill or fear, and all spasms at which operate the jaw act in a series of involuntary little contractions which pull the jaw up and permit it to fall of its own weight. This action is quick, and the chattering occurs from frequent repetition. The cold has a similar effect upon the jaw muscles to that which some poisons have in causing spasmodic action in other parts of the body.

He Was Unanimously Elected.

When the term of the old negro preacher had expired he arose and said: "Breddren, de time am heat fo' de election ob yo' pastob for anudder year. All dese fobrin' me fo' yo' pastob will please say 'Aye.'"

The old preacher had made himself rather unpopular, and there was no response.

"Ha!" he said. "Silence gibe consent ailus. Ise yo' pastob fo' anudder year."—Exchange.

Old Divorce Cure.

In old Holland when a couple applied for a divorce they were locked up in a one room, trying out cabin with one dish and one spoon. If after a month they had not come to an agreement they got the writ, which was seldom asked for after this treatment.

Natural Result.

"Mamma," said small Elmer, "let's go in the back yard and play football." "I can't play the game, dear," answered the mother.

"Hub!" exclaimed Elmer scornfully. "That is what comes of having a woman for a mother."—Chicago News.

One Is Enough.

"Before she married him, you know, she used to say there wasn't another man like him in the world." "Yes, and now she says she'd hate to think that there was."

Had an Aim All Right.

Cole—I like to see a woman with an aim in life. Now, has your wife any aim? Wood—Rather! Look where she hit me with a pistol!—Chicago News.

Sympathy Needed.

"Jiggs' wife speaks ten languages." "I move we adopt resolutions of sympathy and send them to Jiggs."—Buffalo Express.

Loneliness is an all pervading consciousness of self.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY.

Exercise the Same Care You Would in Buying a House.

One who has money to invest should know something of what he is buying. Otherwise he is a mere gambler and would have a better chance to win if he played a game of cards for money. All gambling is reprehensible, though it must be conceded that speculation in a sense is gambling. But this might be said of the purchase of real estate or any commodity of a changeable value.

Let the investor make a study of business conditions. Watch the earnings of the corporations and the railroads as reported in the newspapers. Note the trend of trade. Observe the transactions in prominent securities on the Stock Exchange and have knowledge of what is going on. Exercise the same care that you would in buying a horse, an automobile, a wagon or a house.

Fortunes have been made by those who have pursued this method, and fortunes lost by those who have simply gone into speculation as if they were throwing dice. I well recall the era of railroad and industrial disturbance over twenty years ago, when nobody wanted to buy stocks and everybody wanted to sell. Those who picked up the "cripples," as they were then called, and held them until prosperity revived, made handsome profits, in some instances realizing more than ten times what they paid.—Jasper in Leslie's.

The Paper They Were Written On.

The average author would probably laugh at the statement that at one time in the world's history manuscripts, simply as such, irrespective of the nature of the text, were immensely valuable. In ancient times manuscripts were important articles from a commercial point of view. They were excessively scarce and were preserved with the utmost care. Even the users were glad to lend money of them when the owners were obliged to offer them in pawn. It is related in an ancient tome that a student of Pavia, who was reduced by his debaucheries, raised a new fortune by leaving in pawn a manuscript of a body of law, and a grammarian who was ruined by a fire rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero through the ready aid of the pawnbroker.

Thoroughly Prepared.

At a religious service in Scotland the late Lord Kelvin noticed a youngster accompanying his grandparents and sitting wise as a young owl through the sermon.

At the close of the service Lord Kelvin congratulated the grandfather upon the excellence of the young man's behavior.

"Och, aye," returned the veteran, "Duncan's weel threatened afore he idlers."

As for those who are not obliged to labor, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labor which goes by the name of exercise.—Joseph Addison.

Cat.

Ethel—Jack told me that he never loved any one before. Marie—Well, excuse me for saying so, dear, but he and I once were engaged. Ethel—Oh, I didn't ask him about engagements, I only asked him about love.—New York American.

The One Complete Wardrobe.

"What is a honeymoon, pa?" "A honeymoon, my boy, is that time in a man's life when his wife is really supplied with all she wants to wear."—Detroit Free Press.

Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promise.—George Sand.